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## Inverted Pyramid This Earth

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# INVERTED PYRAMID THIS EARTH

A COLLECTION OF POEMS

A SENIOR PROJECT SUBMITTED TO  
THE DIVISION OF LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE  
OF BARD COLLEGE

BY MAGGIE LOUISA ZAVGREN

ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, NY  
MAY 2018

TO ROBERT,  
FOR TURNING MY HAND TO STONE;

TO COLE,  
FOR WHAT CANNOT BE SAID;

AND TO LANG,  
MY PLAYMATE.

ETERNAL GRATITUDE TO BIRDIE & BUZZIE  
FOR OUR GOOD LIFE AT THE OLD RED MILL

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# INVOCATION

an indefinite stretch posed interspersed & lingering at the cusp of  
early spun & refracted gestured line;

I swing in this indecision—a raucous heft  
beyond fortuitous chasm.

there is in a volitional stance—the throat poised whole  
against the even breath

so the vessel is formed by even stroke, the lightfire  
causus strike on the rocks

what we called the *sahil* by nightlight broken  
waves pouring headlong as night

the importunity surround; I was full to near-death  
out from the clabbered motes

our most impure sigh leading the roiling herds as  
a dawn-mast—a cased whole

this I shed in indefinity it is this first soft calm  
that stretch & stretches

# **INVERTED PYRAMID THIS EARTH**

## ON THE EVENT OF A MAN

tenuous ritual  
what oil can do  
there the slit each templar  
gesture then pull scepter  
& lawn across as swords  
pull carpet through into morning shade  
ataplaxis, synthesistic,  
all words seem to be dripping  
his speed anemone rising  
quell in solitude that squall rising  
what meets and crosses  
sctriected in absession, questions yet  
asked now swallow the tide  
my absolute obsolescence  
underscore undermine  
tremulent I temple I hold my gatherings in fists  
foisted and layed on pillars of salt  
this crossing threadbare  
whistlepeak I think long on your porch  
mustard cups leaning  
tremendous  
tremé  
trestle, the thistle live in morning sun  
my parting is grateful unto  
each pinch of witless crow  
what pinches never looks-a-back  
upon under these lines  
sit, quell

masticate  
what sound I had heard  
Mexican sunlight being  
into me into meaning and you  
come back an insufferable nerve  
pinching your sun into effected  
gracious gratitude  
trust sputter till I fill my shoes  
what lions fill your cause way  
grease underscoreth  
in casual flame what sunrise I can  
blame & lightfire that sunrise eventually  
peaking into a body  
lightfire crossing of arms into bowstrings  
I see your arm poised to rinse this cross  
sour milk the almond hits spoon  
softbowl ministry lamp  
limewire  
infinite light  
in this gesture I read man  
I read his books  
the prayer cycle unfold  
catch of what seeps in to breed  
how the eye jump into absess  
tip of cloth  
where the fold catches  
insulated in thought  
caught upside crashing  
what think fills into introspect?  
ink, the blackened hand

printers mark to carry card & dust  
carry to fullition, fruition faulty festered Finisterre  
o how the rocks swelled against that immovable sea  
great Atlantic cliff of land  
end, to burn robes at the point  
terra each window full out onto rock  
crashing & the flame  
first mark of man

## PASSAGE OF HOLLOW MOON

cover your waxen head with a cup  
fire lead you from the room  
a pause at the door to burn a flame  
against a flame—lift air in chest  
holding your grain and amulet, your dowry,  
as they phase across your face  
the holding is the phasing,  
you think it true this passage  
of hollow moon—  
leaving your house on first-legs  
stamping up the stairs  
to move through light & wind  
all of us are going and going we come  
holding an eye to a face what stand between  
stasis holds as the nature of light instance of reflection  
one follows in sifting harmony  
you come right against the image that negates it

## FIRST WHITE DROPS

the violence of fetid dream what cut glass refracts  
my eternal gravity dance  
suspends this lotus  
our hearts virginal  
let me dance *as you* in your flesh tonight  
exited in flight  
what tremors lift us now / these first white drops  
broad arc they follow from sky

## NO FAVORITE COLOR BUT FORM

no favorite color but form  
tributaries of late winter draw  
headlong mark of asphodel  
how to hold the riverbed for itself  
into the stolen plane of sweet light?  
who should carry these  
down into the light?  
breath, lenient sun  
good eye full of the longest  
hollow perfunction into blessing  
everything leaning into what I hold  
then, create a sentence in memory  
beasts pull, then, upon yokes of treasure  
here is the mystery of the heart—  
so the day wakes and each is pulled  
lengthwise you slip these full  
where is the outline speaking tongues in the lot?  
your head held in limbs of stone  
each breaking open as the arrow flies  
close into arm  
returned to the beast who lent it

## SPIRITUAL EXERCISES

spiritual exercises,  
or, flexing the connective nerve  
smooth, placid tremble you wanted  
empty your pockets underneath limb of ash  
turn and turns vehemently upon a thimble  
to wrenching sight  
tripartite cataclysm on naked land  
first, Virgin, breath of soft antediluvian matter  
now unsoft, not-hand, coaxed into perpetuity  
of a raucous being-into  
morning is estranged from afternoon  
you found each land of hers  
bathing, bating laying  
in the afternoon sun  
or any sun  
anyone's sun could  
unfold  
demand  
insist & tremble  
perpetuity of your inimitable seasons  
what of the man  
remove from the river  
through this paradise he traverse  
his tool in refinement  
so simply there with its art  
may you ride to fill the circle  
listen in this sphere  
hunted we engage with the banks

the wandering steppe of toothless prairie  
so phantom drift thru Esopus tides  
this bend, creek turn & again  
flexion staid

## THE CARESS WE ASK INTO OUR VOID

two early forms:

both soft bodies leaning clockwise into the earth  
unfolding the peak of open summer  
where darkness shines everywhere  
even cloak of unknowing  
shallow cloak of this true hand  
your passage into water  
in-water lay on us before slipping  
unheeded  
into the borne night  
among open awakening  
so ground swells into mounds  
as black & white masks of moon,  
carved twice, pour fourth

## LOVE POEM [I]

what they sky may know of these plantings  
is the caress we ask into our void  
impaled or given breath by  
opening into station of your grace  
organ sky, or, how I know your clothes  
peeled and stained in other-light hours after  
grasped at in night pressures of the sun  
what touch you affirm through the mere sight

## LOVE POEM [II]

ink behind my forehead left me in limp  
after waving in February rain-morning  
spectacular farce, the vanquished garnish  
no—I mean to implore this summer, this  
windful movement you exact in the summer light  
this is the precipice of your ringed love—  
vibrato of a dashed-hope memoir of  
this yesterday interposed and rhymed, then infinitum,  
how to toe the final line after your soft is not the whole, wherein  
you fall headlong through the field  
gasped tremendous in fire the stones

## COMMUNICATING THROUGH OPEN VOID

breastlight—is the tendency  
infernally vicissitude in direction  
complete into heart this center or the pine bough  
so, then return, this lenient hoop  
pulled around a correspondence, correlation  
absence, or stop listening to the word

seer sear swine & scintillation the auger paired  
relish o scepter  
hold your wand among men  
sweet grains in the bottom barrel  
so it begins again and again as you see it first  
always a being opening in the act  
the courage drawn from a round-lipped sucré

I see Aydan in light-room  
so now I turn—*ışte* we said  
sleep into gastric or transpire the  
open to sweet so the touch touch  
gasping I've had enough in the question  
my channel my great open  
this is where the snake uncoil  
where each morning is only continuing of another  
I ask you where you left your coat  
we find the keys  
and the day yet again.

## INVERTED PYRAMID THIS EARTH

he looks on to point the plain  
over by way injecture  
run bless'd from the fountain  
sweet in sun to  
bask get tremble  
Esopus I slipped sideways  
thinking of city where you go  
all goes runs down  
to think of south as a slope  
inverted pyramid this earth  
plunge into never vanishing point  
where you stand on White Clay Kill abreast oaks  
does the same to account  
that is lynchpin  
inherent in this delivery I send along  
wishing stones fervent in pockets  
speeding into morning so the river turns

## ANCIENT BOOK

restitution to hang your fruit on in the morning  
break for a sign of how if it were  
tepid & fingerless rats pulled onto hillside  
my spirit move lateral to a season  
corpse copse the dangling thread  
casparian bluet against morning strung  
whatever damp medieval lens you ascribe  
along a limitation into soft lungs  
how did you meet this one you own?  
its a love as yet determined by an aramaic hangnail  
scratch of scribe, the finger loose contempt  
emerging strata in your dawn  
this plenitude racks my motions  
along east pansybed & west floatsmine  
the gauge of the scribe both long & wanton  
into the most lyrical night  
what sunshine you can  
blessing empty tabernacle entreated to  
or, the empty gaze of the book  
backward, then, into the protoaramaic Greek  
pour the solvent  
regard the bath, sheets of soft brown  
fallen lengthwise on the digging plane.  
her hand held over temples of sure beasts  
thats the plenitude we drive into sequence morning,  
into restitution.

## BORN OF SUN-SCAPE

sweetly delivering into pure pressure-light  
I cramp in hand—spot tooth I spoke of the  
pig-fox in Wonalancet—no, Falmouth  
we took a July ferry to an island, watching pools fill in good  
seaward truths;  
rivulets tore into the glass, you'd have tossed aside  
each frangipan torte came your way  
ataplasic, ataxia, or the opera  
musing, me then turn to nose the sweet cakes  
where is the politic in your eye?  
I sold mine to a devil of a long-beaked madness  
who gathered in curtains of foliage mine  
treasures—I pass on into this unlikely word  
magnificate magnus swedendom  
an atatatat  
sing coatitlé coatitlé bring into mine  
so prepare the heart.  
little room for desert breeze  
up here where we pick our thrones  
I tore papers in his midst  
and the rose caught on the latch  
then whatever crown or light you make together  
bears the stamp of a long, borne hand.  
hold us in infinitum  
hold each coach at the gate  
touch base, touch the bronzia  
return to the channel—  
how could you mask the good light of treasures?

idleness, or where is the vegetable rot in?  
I stand with perfunction on my soul  
poured mask of timeless continuum—  
why can't we go to enjoy these turns?  
our heart pulled sidelong  
becomes a backhand  
reverendum to—gasping tremendous  
overground, overhanded house  
when will we sell the furniture  
and steal away down the lane?  
sweetend milk fills over the glass  
pouring thrice-wise into autumn's open mouth  
it is the source of the sun I came down with  
not some fever you mark on the breast  
thrice I ask you sing sweet triumph  
perform a lightforce into good bets  
onerous mornings I wake to your  
humming breast leaning lengthwise  
—no say dorsal, supine, he said  
sanguine & I wondered how you hold it—  
I looked so close to your temperament  
gathered good breathing from good lungs  
and then the human condition just took off  
up and away as I loosen energy where it comes to me  
no more the tyranny  
of the open hole, the residual loss.  
I'd gather her skirts if she asked  
I'd tuck and pull all morning at the mast I know I must  
the frigid body demandeth

## OARMAN, CARRY ME ACROSS

so the music begin  
never with the tepid patter of full stream  
sluice shut then open  
as if the water had always come  
it is, where you put the eye  
this thickness, whatever skin you move  
slightly or slightened brushed, bursted  
forbidden in the house-on-the-hill  
or the woman waits for her broken arm  
indecision finds manifest song in mornings  
after these tired nights or so I say  
when does the cream clot dream cut  
to real liven in amongst men  
so I say then we fired day  
holes bored into afternoon potency  
the lime of a pure verdure  
the tongue slapeth *iste* again  
the boy still standing in stream-light  
picking his nails  
putting dirt under them  
getting patted—  
we have a consideration  
its the twist lightening the spine I have to thank  
the thistle never grow along trestle  
to happen upon the river again  
this pure wet music &  
I ask you eternally of the ear:  
“I am an eye-man”

I am an earman, oarman, carry me across  
to hear one stone man  
staid, pliant in sonata form  
his winged song a bane  
staid open upon this land

## TANDEM WE CARRY

who handle us in our dreams  
crept in along sill as morning broke  
linger hand of that world  
impress, rises to any mound we consider as obstacle  
what you can see of the face  
dawning against that  
little light wakening  
she is she is she is I am thinking she is  
an hour-long hide stretched in that sill  
awning, given twenty-four brush strokes  
twelve East twelve West  
before Oneiroi light again lead  
worlds beyond this world  
impress rises  
where that leads  
West, he'd have said  
he lingers on our walls  
bright in morning sun  
an outline he tells  
of the frontier that is more earth  
the plains or the wind  
hollow from his lungs leaning out  
bigger than any hill, mountain  
grasp an untenable walk  
tandem we carry the sprig through the hall  
to where  
hither brought  
you said

last week  
or was it  
forty  
eight  
years ago?  
the stone awash in light  
parcel, tied in granite  
stick my hand over and break into streaming light  
crossed his body on the wall  
buoyant levity of this  
circle traced  
so the sun pass in cloudbank  
it grows and pours who  
I love is brought in at dusk  
hide loosed from hook sill hung—  
brought in at dusk  
how the eye see weft of the dream  
hand mounted between worlds  
where you could turn to say  
if you turn to say

**LIGHT POURS FORTH FROM SOME GREAT CUP**

## MOVING THROUGH ME

not just alive, but conscious  
and just by doing so you're halfway home.

bleaching doubt—black sun beyond white sun  
car passes by the window down the hill

a particular positioning of here  
though we don't move with what moves

clove of garlic under my tongue  
cleaved hand asks for clearer framework

land me in the middle of the dance  
of simplicity *and* grace

to conjoin myself with what has passed  
how framework of myopia can be useful

what I knew before—the driveway  
the brown countenance everything wears

early mule pads a line from me to your heart  
tides carry thunder, carry wind,

it flies behind, to feel the wind  
moving through me

## REASON IS A TREE STAID

what I saw walking beside me on the road to New Caanan:  
figures trembling & light from thickening snowfields dashing  
throughout lightfields & shadows of blackened wood

hooded in night  
a silver flute extends  
trees hold the sacrifice and the garment  
reason is a tree staid  
the easiest breath  
caress me, sail on to windows

where you are held in longing  
heart pulled in circumambulations  
catatonic perfunction to altar

as if you would rise alive for me  
as if, in the poem, would rise to my lips say  
my swinging —  
growing rigid in August wind

what tree can afford all your medallions?  
what lightening strike capture you?  
my vestibule slips

do you see the fern curling in?  
how wholly the sleeper gives herself to wakening seed.

## UNSPOKEN IN BODRUM

crisp turn into ruminant underclothe  
see, twist into crescent sliver  
your unabashed fingerling, presented  
intuition so then return to the water  
it was a front then it came a still pool  
running along breast-streak out to point  
each while then entering I said four sides abreast  
so the geometry eats morningside  
or I demand everything coming into being  
the Being you stamp at I say lightened embryo  
castrated womb in this tremble, pinnacle love  
over and over she said entreat me to the organ

I had a sceptre and I couldn't have been bleeding  
juice in the chalice  
summer in the monkeyfield  
grass overland to the highway  
when you see the clothes you'll know  
unabashed breast pull the room to light  
sex on your petuniabed, petal orchestra  
organdy the subject I hone, curious voices in the well  
swaying saying into me  
—or, the Marquise I dream of  
enters the stage on the limb  
courage throwing ice on the cake  
or, don't let the image hold you—

you know Sumner, the palisade, opening green  
you know a castle in Bodrum  
a girl skipped on turrets in maidenspans  
spilling loads of ancient dust upon the June flowers  
second only to the line of sight brought in along day  
as comfort bone  
as the crest open  
so you say heart thread and you sift  
entire being crawling from left, to right against

## A THROAT FILLING IN LIGHT IN MORNING CAUTION

a throat filling in light in morning caution  
this sweet lip I lift & how can I compare  
my soft underbelly in any late Augustin  
summer? this is the end we are looking toward

the crack of premonition leading in with a small peakinglight.  
so the gables hold under duress  
we study the moon—how we hunted;

the man exacts a right of insertion, asks for the stalk  
shakes fever into tomorrow's premonition  
the bleed and never poured only the skipping into incompleteness

what did the word mean, back in that time?  
the fruits slipped and fell along the hillside  
—what day did you ponder erstwhile lightfire?

how I hold my instrument  
what it cannot do in the morning  
lengthwise in the mirror light I lose your body  
the day giving in to itself

final bait before your stencils come true.  
slipstick breath of fresh rite into spring swift dawn  
who do you, then, in your day

## PREMATURE ENTRY INTO EARTH

so he had laid into hillside  
each name a nexus of or enter into  
mud fractal, then I stand in my body  
eschewing matematik, phizik,  
fesefe, entreman, enter man  
exeunt.

linking of the interloped larynx  
singing Haydn late on Tuesday  
castrated ineptitude having grown into the woman  
thats the cursor the curse'd bastion  
so the monk-fruit boileth overturn rectitude  
rupture plenitude gastration  
musculature, I flex windward into night  
or, now the day a bone on plane  
bone-in we trapped that last bindweed  
into backward hum, say thank-score  
frick city as she had put it  
said "if you will" on perpetual axis  
touch sun touch psoid  
lean into alloy demonstrata

I had said that name  
cem, gem, jewels-laden-two full bursting  
your eyes hung  
ask me where to case these  
our own corn-street spice-hole  
you'd never have touched nature on me then  
or the line hadn't drawn wax from crayon-trail

## ODE TO FALMOUTH

thoroughfare  
that is in light then limestone  
fallen, falan, Fuarè follow out to  
Mashpee Commons  
rowing a rowboat on Buzzard's Bay  
your heart, then over to Bassets  
nests, perches, ivy unseen  
get into sunrise sunlight  
a full nude cast in sand  
inimitable

backwards then to Hugh on screen porch  
making and unmaking newspaper trident  
staves in his hand, the light soft & arcane  
his bodice cascading in cottontail canvas

sheets stretched overhead  
or, the tandem bicycle  
afternoon to  
your Nashoba, you in attic under rough wool  
Bleeker on the window  
to morning  
to the moon, as he should  
as the body leans  
desires and the rush  
then, of filling your body with your body  
in world  
after lights of day into  
dirts of night

we sat on rocks and old soot  
to make the fire  
running into Falmouth  
underscore of the mile  
the Whistlestop  
trains we cannot even count in sleep  
or, the lighthouse  
northeast out to  
pigshead bay or, the—swooped in music  
Delius it had been  
now in Appalachia the gossamer sits on women naturally

careening then in morning is only this arm  
out there the pig-fox slinks into day  
empty cans on the sill  
these tartans clanless deliverances of color  
we shining in the woodfire light  
pours and fills and leans  
articulation of how it were were it a body  
of being of light you fall away  
better in the sense of having full skins as it comes  
always reserved  
catching the eye in a height

what sunrise pull Mashpee to the room  
lines come to hang  
your stayposts be  
emergent  
through into morning rays

what symbols you hold  
your hand stretch against itself  
everything away from sun  
pulling into everything  
repose lineation of only to pour  
unleavened in the grass  
this truncated soft thought  
only mask I wear as I plunder into dawn  
catching sawdust as it fly  
from your work

## THE BREEZE, THAT WHICH IS KNOWN

there is a titmouse perched  
on this place

the walk Birdie and I crossed Blood Brook  
to Souhegan on stretches of  
where you still swing

light pours forth from some great cup  
coating the leaves and bark  
“if it were” I ask “wherefrom?”

that great swinger of birches, Birdie says  
that which is known  
by how it moves near you

what you never hold  
what you carry in your glance

and I set the parts  
to converge

the titmouse cleans fold of her wing  
her beak, her great aporia  
Birdie stretches on Souhegan flow

there the breeze, that which is known  
what could have been you moving  
still you move in everything now

this world where rivers pass  
there is no illusory world churning out uses

what converges  
what parts heaven's lips

## THIRD QUARTER WANING CRESCENT

sepsis  
or, entrè entraced  
sweet lipid sunshine  
enter eating heart  
so the plant speak  
swell, bask  
what fear came in  
when the birds went  
flexing the tool  
this inimitable  
iron deft songbird  
who enter the room  
for pastel rainscape  
dowry spending out  
under the pine grove  
my dalliance  
the petals you layed  
why is that the only one,  
the love borne against  
the swinging day?

## MEDITATION ON THE FIRST GRADE

already ventricle tendons burnish into virgin plate  
pluralist wind, incarnate hand,  
the vein of time laid out  
or, we're thinking big time stretched in dorsal bed repose

sanguine she thinks of the rising voice over wind  
formal eternity in the open psoas

I'm a back-road-taker, mostly an internal brooder  
bog asphodel is one weed we claim to know  
though I heard you translated it as "verdure"  
and the bandoleros made a hoopla

they say a migrating fowl must draw  
first with crayons, chinks, & waxes all before the first grade  
upon themselves the geese spell their alphabet too early  
then retreat

where is the climate for taking up long paper  
filling your hand with trust and running lengthwise  
on the walls till she hits?  
she is guarantor of good hope  
girl runs to class and the knee bend

## AFTER THE DREAM

this source of the dream  
haunt & haunted cannot account  
therein  
reinvested with energy.

I am in demand of the question  
asked again into you  
what henceforth is the patronost:

I command  
this inimitable mound  
of humping flesh

I defile you turn you from corpse to animal  
each centrifuge of your body turning  
uses in this indistinguished calamity

what sea we breathe  
you enveloped into  
this you always surfacing in the male

I drink berries in the room  
used to enact a scat ritual on the roof  
in the night the carafe emptied onto your premature land

preeminent before book  
a host of ages & entreating me

let me touch her oldest Amulet—the fact of  
her; how to lineate that prelapsarian blue  
the hole having not torn to holes

you have no swell on me  
I'll keep your basket of gems hidden among the others  
our loaves grow fat off the heat of your fever is  
our command and triumph.

the printer's mark—protolapsarian centrifuge  
destitute pathways in clots beyond *aşkı*m to *eros*

how to love the daughter's love  
that isn't the question, the precise question  
only one of the implorations  
of the lost imp sailing into fields of dreams

the waves crash & crash their length  
into her dowry—the only stanchion left—& she hold  
that stone into the chest in a long hand

these winds move without rhyme  
& the plates she makes ever more cracked in July dust

# **CURVATURE OF THE FLIGHTED BIRD**

1.

intertextual anemone  
gregarious morningtide  
in that all light on the wire  
breasts aflame the morning-singers  
trapped as one had been  
curvature of the flighted bird  
I had asked you before all this was sifted  
in piles on your work-table  
how the bird perform punctuation in an afternoon  
how the light could tell a wing from

an archaic sunrise leaning onto  
page where I read  
your account  
speech predicated in a love you'd known  
tremendous, wickedly  
running & then again.  
when you have now—  
there is my natured run  
ball walkers  
in your mouth

2.

this distemperament  
equal in length to  
boild bone pull knife-thick  
silver in the light through cupola  
sun-day  
I shrink in your woman  
festooned in her antinomies  
leaching onto exit-air  
so she had mentioned the mind  
her dichotomies pulling, too

thats the ignited ignitor ignitus  
ignoramus the beauty you underscore  
in tragic hemisphere  
cord-wood, cortege  
curtilage, courgette  
the ends always moving through the house  
seeming legged in night-a-glo  
never the soft morning of palindromic ineptitude  
that is, hunger threads through your navel-bed  
your flashing hand a recompense

3.

I ask—then we enter a room you hold  
for this alleviation  
our journeymen cannot exeunt;  
I mean tremendous gates they draw in dusk-light  
*bull-gaatch sim-lyon goal-chair thor-var*  
I heard depth hoar lipping the house  
the *depthor* in hammer-hand  
marine, no less, life-aquatic  
astroid slipped off course  
courses to raw breast

ineffable  
entry into  
lightfield is the tripartite party  
who hold the pole at the pole  
in development this intralinear sight  
is open and yet another closes round  
original sin my awakening  
so the eye jump in platitude  
plentiful plaintive rejoining  
we wake before six for morning prayer

4.

walk on knees to wooded flagged slab  
primordial forest my munition  
this position I take I hold in ecstasy  
good uncurling fern-born treasure  
measured lineation the gratitude I pass  
my unborne & awake the dual thing  
so a crescent in the palm-touch  
what is held between the light-line  
this gasp when the room return  
*deus the credo in unum*

o drone o linger lilt the lowest hold you hold  
how long along thigh-tilt juvenile sex-stroke  
this erotic tear falling towards sun-source  
room full in woodsmoke of a tree felled  
your heartfire full in arc-song  
this is the execution fed by plaintive tongue  
who the ewe I bear eternally  
into this swift-torn belly-up pontoon boat?  
cache of trembling points the Mediterranean  
see look Rosés roses I see  
the vessel sigheth in the open plain

5.

righted as dawn thunder through mouth  
into lightened sea-day  
“hail the mast”  
—sigh the flaggéd  
gracious is the temperament post  
this envisioning, my behest requested  
I see the slip in my hand  
crackling against verdure breeze  
the eyes set-back in head  
back-a-ways the roll roll

I see trembled these premonitions  
divining rod my wishbone slick in a tear  
I dry your frame in that foreign sand  
holding your impress under light  
fading, slipping skidded light  
where ceremony backeth  
in this preventative hour  
mine dangling entrance  
this biopic reopening  
aware glistening

6.

the open throat  
backed in under truancy  
east as the horn beckons  
so I caused your scene & your play  
my brush then idle on the threshed-wood  
a causal backway—ruincy & ethos  
my migratory burgeoning  
this clepsydra  
pouring heft of the gathered woman's  
ancient labor

this morning the broken plain stretcheth  
one-summit hill-pull, this scene I sit look-a-west:  
pool-glow, or we enter the circle by revisioning:  
I see canyon rich then my Patrie, O  
Babiskino a wishbone,  
my sympathies belie my herd  
what kilometer you refute  
we stand in heated sacrament desert-lot  
your antidiluvian underarm  
the harbor breached

## **LEANING INTO CRESCENT SUN**

## TUNING THE INSTRUMENT FOR FIRST LIGHT BREAK

now is the creation  
when lampfire exquisite diminish  
fall shoal-wise on a ridge  
so his fingers stretch & meddle  
I see my tune adopted, turned to elemental  
commentary you hold is the  
*iste* I catch the divination  
see the scratch each hold as host  
goblet to the gallows I had a question of rennet  
the gentle curdle you deliver me

of cautioned fallow holds  
each in miniature is the grassless gesture  
your symbol burning a leafless trident  
closed-lip the color merge  
—this is the daily circulatory  
each watercolor divining levels  
toward purest light the point-plain  
what emerges as the earliest  
highest we enter backward  
had I been cesarian

this incision hold me to my form  
instrument strung to the wall  
my color to return  
impresario of this bravado  
in the cheek gaining stone in material  
the pool overflow the woodsmoke

how to untie your form from that grasp?  
I speak of the conversation easily  
each level burnished in a whiter tier  
castrated tendency to bluff

the fecund migratory element  
your unopen cusps  
so where then do I hone this needle-nose?  
I mean to ask you that question  
I mean to say I am waiting on your answer  
this fruition demand  
co-efforted maneuvers  
you say “the magnolia sit on the yard abloom”  
courageous cage my anvil strike  
in cerulean quietude the castle never fall

what could hold is the final matter  
where I long longwise in your armchair  
this imminence a withered politic  
plates in virgin green  
I apologize into the cup  
my voice a narrow beam  
you caught, and fallow field  
hold me in your gathered folds  
all I command in the underbelly flesh  
softened for first-light break

## RED OUTLINE OF BEGINNING ADAM

as the anchor descend  
so facilitated these lumbar conjunctions  
masticate in ventricle particulate  
—thats the form, earliest man  
come to divine a passageway  
through womb we come  
apprehend the tree or ore  
castrate on the anvil  
the sign of the cross  
yet formed in oaken arms

## DEVOTIONS, EARLY APRIL

swell on this plenitude  
gracious she wept  
what sweet  
thirsting goads her motions took  
the abbey by the portmanteau  
alive in extos  
ecstasy a question of a turn  
revolution towards seaward  
landmass, now departed  
the Nile call the swift eternity in organ-drone  
my mystos  
mythos each filling note  
on the threshéd floor  
apprehension I reap  
my migratory indefinity  
intricate in a morning-bowl of burnished fruit  
fauna as an entrance  
I mean to return to ask where the worship may have led  
are we fledgelings on the castle-rock?  
my ingenuity is as lotus unfold  
behind closed lids this  
serpent beneficence  
the sound of anger  
what sound you can attribute  
to the falling heart  
standing touch of a castrate woman  
now flesh and organdy  
thresh-tied to our mountain?

I am slipping from the center  
though the ink drip whole  
good drops into my cedar-board  
so the organ swell & multiply  
fleshing against my tumult  
a hidden sacrifice  
my day in slumber  
this mammalian migration  
each west-a-way till continental break  
then the kiln & summer broke out  
I see creation touch in a sliver of night  
cured, fawned into shoal  
till riséd moon

## A BUD GROWS JUST

listen, then a bud grows just  
leans internal  
for the shape of your line  
pad along ringing of fingers  
I melt under friction  
drop into at a touch  
seeds, where does it sit?  
one hand dozing in the fire  
the other unearthing winds  
what we've chosen this land  
why it has moved, why mountains give  
us in magnitude  
we see bearing down on  
touch in this place.

## THE EYE OF THE FIRST DAY

the breath  
I'd inherited at dawn  
my singular smile  
a seduction borne  
into wisening home  
in restitution  
my verdure break.

## WIND IN RIVER-BOUND LAND-CROSS

upon seeing that glancing tongue strike  
strippeth finitude of pre-dawn  
pendulum rubicon the swift unified sibilance  
of swift upper arm stroke  
against canvass wing this sailed mast  
forgaven in winnowed expense  
expanse I mean to say the sea opened  
beyond Jonah & the carp  
what harps harpooned fleshed mongerer  
bursting fish-belly-up on the shore

so we slid in the lineated horizon  
traversed the canyon on trident-wave river crest  
each slapped a ruminant melody  
perpetual shift-grist of beat-wave  
swaying in abyssum, absolutum, salute  
shone shod in gilt, our descendent perch  
drawn along this seaborne definity  
I stretch the deck beneath intertidal mangrove  
I lean in loamy fortitude, pyramidal drift  
this fertile streaking zephyr-breath

## INDECISION OF THE FLESH, POSTLUDE

when in that salt-bed mystos  
I saw your cavern speak  
pique of where  
your edges etches burn holy-sun-fire behold  
I've hit upon the cavern & the canyon  
listening twice this dual ear—  
the virgin to pour musk-light upon the page  
where tomorrow open me in fields  
caught listening this divinos  
demiurge  
the boild sand of Egypt staid in brief respite  
even-tide so my infancy blend  
your hand an impress in memory  
softed in the shoals of divine migration  
I envy the light to just break  
my slipping palmistry revelatory  
to a shrouded hound-song  
each indiscriminate river  
leading backwards in another  
I saw the Nile's open flower  
lure a vessel to uncommon shore  
catch & coil this ripe snake baits  
pulls the remnant flesh into definite ruintide  
what I am asking into you  
demanded mutiny  
bastions I had spoked of the swelled sound  
the catching full column of your build  
stampeding friendly mythos in gauche

a beast-of-field entrapped in morning light  
the fire light pouring  
coast accosted in gregarious flame  
so my eye slip toward you the early sight  
how to pour forth the gesture  
motivated foragings  
turn-of-throat I find the threnody of sound:  
I am a heath-bound migrant in that each  
foal treasures a run of beasts  
the bestiary in the fold  
my humpback your ignited pleasure  
I said the comfort in your antidiluvian  
this a clearing phase for wanton caesura  
billed folds, command resound  
each comma, interposed

## THE VERB INHERITS EACH POSITIONING OF HERE

I ask the mythos to reply:  
the organ-mote a beneficence  
fetal unfolded to these alms  
invent in abyssum only to pull variations along the bow  
my eyes the unseen history of pathways  
you walk intimations to the name  
holding bleached fireside strokes  
deft & privated steps to mold out sand-dunes on the garden  
my exposure then exposos ex posité exquisite  
is the mystery of touch  
of lightfire.

the defiled stone rise  
great & lumbar I rise to this gratification  
my magnifence my infatuate  
inimitable beast-bone, then, being opened  
sunfire my minute pasture  
under as sound-break.

the verb inherits  
each positioning of here  
when you become  
asunder.

## STUDY OF A BEAST IN SONG

cued in step this resounding doe  
a perfect fourth  
simple monastic triads  
your gathered tongue pouring forth  
a bestiary in miniature  
the youth-herd  
minister of delivery  
on pure underdone lightspore  
a stream in continuum stillness  
pouring water from a cup & back again  
to rectify each trepidation

## HOMOPHONIC SPHERES UNFOLDING

this categorical sinew  
mistread along long lines  
the final scourge of battalion rumble  
I swear names on the April wind  
rising in druid light past rinse streak  
the fallow field sits-a-top all this  
particle indefinite winnow  
sommambulate through density  
courage on the cross, or this final touch infused  
oil & herbs & the blood of houndstooth  
tripstitch, secure in blanket-loop  
sewn to vellum is the postlude  
magnificatus this spiritum  
does the effort leak, the final spin  
unturn the diocese & shod the mare  
*yarin* the daybreak  
demanding indefinite planes of coursing light  
a gentle ministry  
the herds bowed and reaping  
thats the elemental continual lightstroke  
or the color had been termed years before the cut  
so the stamping yard is borne again:  
thorough in feet & marching rectitude  
each sommambulism each finite turn  
the dervish-skip the turnéd hand  
our ruincy in-lieu-of  
lay-em-off the curtailed step  
what the women wear to gather water or other light

this mystos abreast  
thoroughfare it had been  
a vibratos this leniency, or to bring it back to the host  
the body-in-light we'd seen unfolding ray-bound  
on the mount the mystical eye  
one hand held to bear as this eye.  
the stored played out  
the water-gone-socket emptied of pasture  
I am the fox-skin in your hand  
demanding serpents of the Nile  
my threshing floor.  
my insipid seed follow you there  
to the circulatory arosen arisen abreast enliven  
gone in deep to the kill

## ODE TO MUSES

lamine wind  
causeway the spilled sluice  
how to strip the skin in hardshell lacquer?  
this immersion, sweet recession of flesh  
the complete body of time an unwrenched rag  
prone-up the poured Sumerian  
or, to return, it is the flow we need to gather  
shrine to shine in surface light  
henceforth we stay the ridgeline  
this song a heeded breeze

## A REVERSE HISTORY

it is the whole scene again:  
earliest day I mean primordial track  
first hand-touch at crest-thresh  
where you had slipped over to another shore  
the folly we'd gathered a numinous threnody  
I imagine it, then, swift than speedfire  
an open canyon, chasm chord the organ staid

desolute apprehension  
of morning drawn to altar  
we were in absolute light  
this time, on the frugal earth  
to lay in seabed of stretched imago  
a misalign shore echoing  
resonant wind this passage beyond tides

charisma of the open wound  
so the forest become a map in indecision  
strike the laminate comb  
pulling the hurdles longwise  
these varicose pines an unborn ministry  
the pre-robe Raphaelite, earlier than sundown-dam  
this is the hen-of-the woods, the crownéd jewel

## LEANING INTO CRESCENT SUN

understanding, then, that the inception  
is an intimacy of gravity  
in that, where the sieve is held the silt does fall  
so the symbol beats in beaten dust

caution held on a wind-herding into line  
what we term the good:  
each wrested throttle  
a veritable sight

measure a retreat in the eyeline  
a passage on to hollow shore  
so the map burns, the path outlined in light  
this field we traverse

intimating  
these fragments  
churning in windward turbulence  
slip unfounded in the wet ocean cuff

horizon of geometry  
container of the mark  
a line leaning into crescent sun  
summoning held

## PREMATURE SUNSET ROSÉS, GIRONA

threnody of woven shoals  
this gauzy mutiny each bending to fire  
castle-creak  
a dispensation filling out  
thenceforth  
this eventide strokéd in eventual wave  
thump-crest its the womandom  
turning to sea by blushing  
in the holy-waters  
fire-tune burdency

verdure  
Casparian duet Isle of Roses  
I mean to say I saw a woman  
stepping herself on the docks  
each limpid opportunity full on both ends  
caught she'd say, the riptide  
her limber folds  
satiating impulse of the sea to roil  
to live on that  
vibrato of a line

the swinish yank we envelop  
as color leak tremendous  
full plane-tilt  
this entanglement known  
or what the sea can say  
we must: thus settled dispensation

the instrument, all fall away & into  
verdure-sea my peninsula  
what break lengthwise to sound drum  
our duet seeping back to tide

## CAUSAL TERRESTRIUS

here I reach on inimitable hill  
through patronost of causal time  
across a miniature in toad-light—

the man bending to his woman on cassock grass mat  
—now remedy of this final extrusion, this limitless push—  
sweetened light, the trifold breath

this cataclysm I breathe swift as morningdrop east break  
so the sound floods in, I am a doe on the mount  
pardoning spring flowers at my mouth

its a rich *yer*, land, or  
I see him on the cliff of lawn  
folding to the geometry of sunlight  
a slippery finality

sugarlift, the initial caution of first dawn  
what breaks apart  
this westward intuition

the thoughted path-traversed  
causal terrestrius  
steps away—the motion between  
how to just slip to the muscle

cognition into that swallowed motion  
the softness & unexpected wet of  
blissbone, what I see in my eyes

final cusp of a flower  
unfolded, what color is ink black?  
terrestrial moon

final glimpse at soft copse the earth,  
matter, fruits on the vine

## EVERY PART OF THE FIELD IS THE FIELD

so he leaned & asked  
limping limbs slapping beech-oaks  
the distinction being both here & there  
a winnowed sight you plowed into morn  
endlessly examining this field

## FIRST THOUGHT, SEEN

what falls from the fold?  
an entrance being at the finality  
each cusp a goblet hold  
how to migrate vast & long  
from the source of this touch?  
as a body through sun  
the sight of a lean rind

reinherit the dawn cusp  
a migrant fowl along leyline  
though only you can see  
your pathless motion our stretched bane  
I see your full light in a windowstreak  
left long after

**POSTLUDE:  
STOPT AT THE RIVER TO SING**

without it coursing quickly  
in the lungs, this clime has no  
bearing on the skin, must be  
et to know if today differs from tomorrow.  
just there the cliff, those jutting rocks,  
snarled limbs in breakthrough rocks,  
then the leaf face, this covered hill  
dirt or soil or rocks alone, and  
yet, these rocks appear, these cliffs say  
name me; *söyle benim adım*: then  
your voice whispers out, gets in a little  
closer from the tongue to the teeth, a  
crossover, a muting or the breath  
demands the name be said, I'm trapped  
in bodily necessity, limping death of  
pardon, fetish of herb, the river  
and there, a mote (or so he loved)  
a still pool, or, just enough to let  
me stay—too many jays out  
today, can we quiet the earth's  
soft beat, this unrelenting drum  
for when we cannot join the circle,  
when the equipment for my self-same  
metaphorized numerology is positively  
void in compass and gathered lengthwise  
around the waist. please bear down  
on heave, say enough paradigms  
to tan a lean hide tonight, enough  
color gone from these trees to get you  
brushing along. heave over limbs

of fallen stalks; and there, just inside  
the stream, we have the perfect stillness  
the clear and good water listening as  
prayers speaketh of, your skin in  
morning light just before touch,  
before this elemental oscillation grinds  
into motion, your voice just a voice  
of air against your pillow.

wherever the water turns white  
you are kin to me, you have touched  
the gland, are appointed guardian  
of all hounds, your color shells, the  
breath I can give you is inestimable  
at just now, where the stream  
slips and the voice gurgles just beyond  
riding through morning  
as the wind gathers behind us  
an absolute levity of this vantage,  
this course-of-steed, good rope,  
and a thick line; we say gather  
your planar self and lift your  
skirt of indolent summer fruits,  
and bleed breast-wise. use a strap for  
the necessary measures.

I am a boon to all chance in motion.  
when did this afternoon become littered  
with these red-billed hawks, carving  
out sentences with their punctuated  
wings above me? what volume of  
light bore its breath to their tyranny?

these eyes haunted in absence of tide  
there the photon slips against around it  
made, a grace of beneath me these wings  
ask breath the light bore to pause, to dash  
to whisper addendum at the grey sinking  
of today's sun. what good is a bird in morning  
if the words have yet to speak?  
the head enough for due affection, the body  
long before used and thrown to rest among  
the women and their language.  
there, here, beneath your plague, you  
sit and the branch stays sheltering above  
your good head. sing back to the river  
to sustain this light, if your good breaths  
come only in communion. the river  
loud enough to be the voice of me.  
symbol rushes down the old moss,  
mother and her fen, breathes out her prayers  
for each blunt sun—that elemental shapestress  
moving even the river to kiss what banks she  
loved in summer and in autumn;  
there she goes, a slippering tongue a dive  
at height, and there, the sole birch  
the tree in birth, finger for ancient song  
—I see in branch thorough is the sitting  
through empty passages of great light  
staid on through skin, oil, your loinfire.  
you have the earth.